

BLUEPRINT 1975

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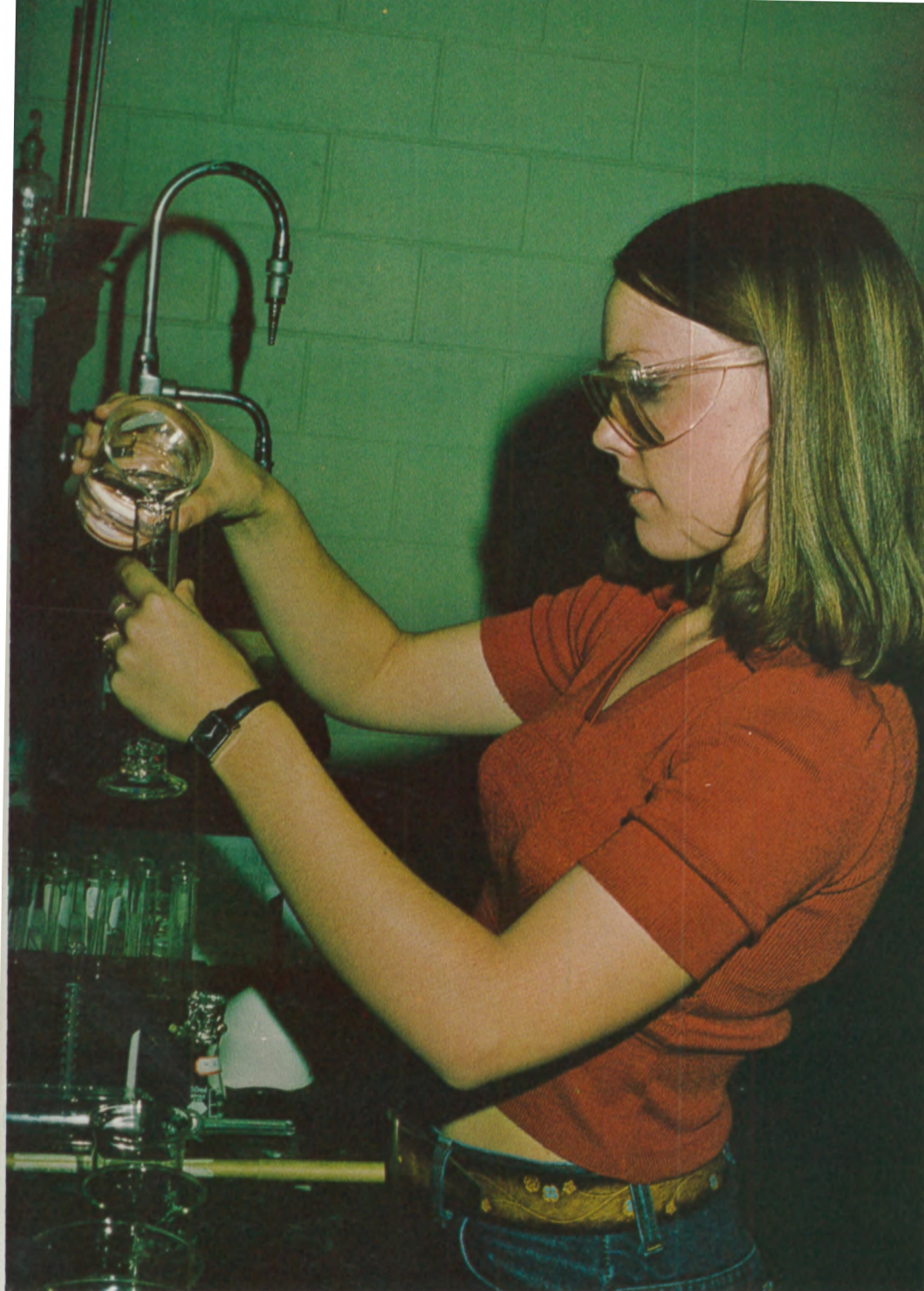




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Some things never change, or do they?

A quick glance at today's campus reveals a forced meshing of both the new and antiquated. Somehow the cold, sterile, totally functional classrooms and labs clash with the aged, somewhat worn buildings which make up the heart of the Hill; where the students of past generations stumbled through the rigors of Tech.

A few years ago, the very thought of a woman assuming the duties of the aspiring engineer or manager was cause for shocked looks of disbelief. But no longer, Tech has acclimated itself to its new role of preparing women to enter the previously male dominated bastion of the sciences.

The days of the slide rule have also passed. The pungent odor of smoldering slide rules wafting through the dreary corridors of the old Shop building has been replaced by the smooth resonating click of calculator keys, signaling students striving desperately to salvage some meager satisfaction from the long hours of preparation.

How many Tech students have greeted a new day still hunched over a half-typed term paper, or waited outside Lyman Hall trying to rationalize their way through its ancient doors, and into another chemistry lab?

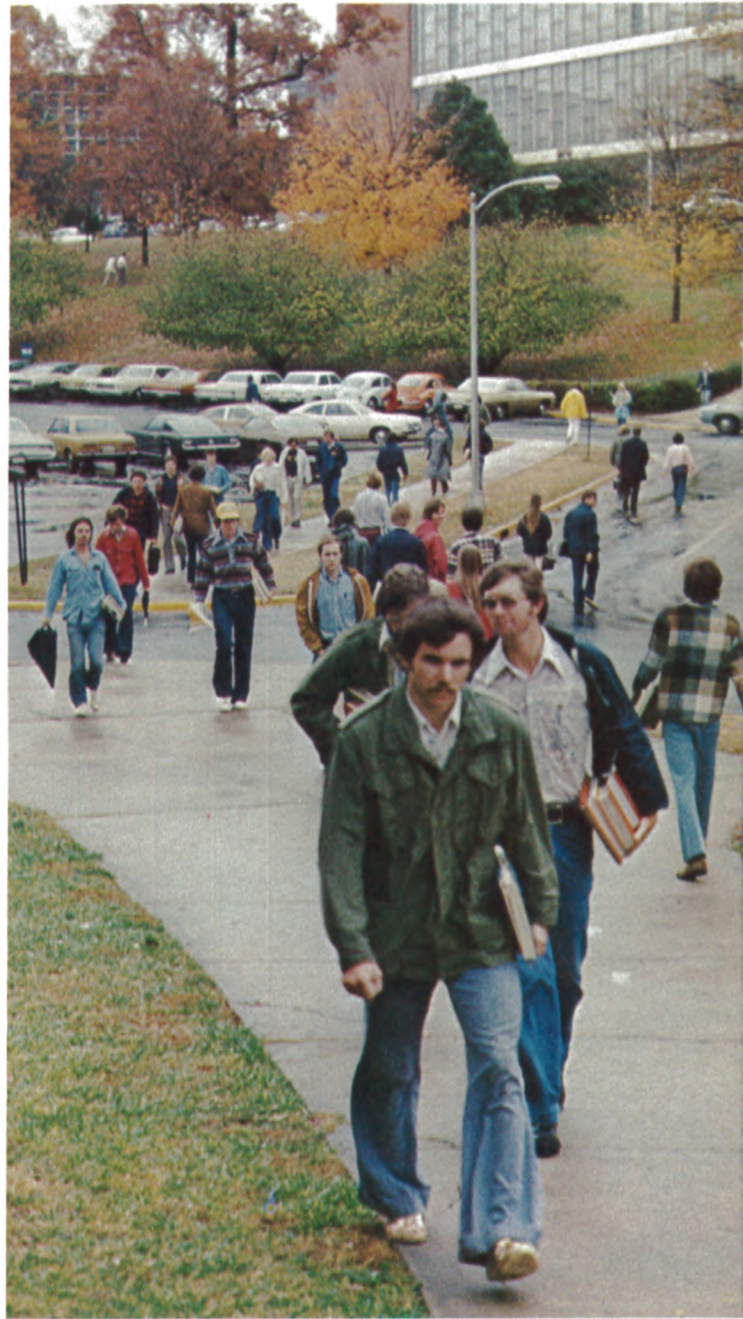
Just about every one.



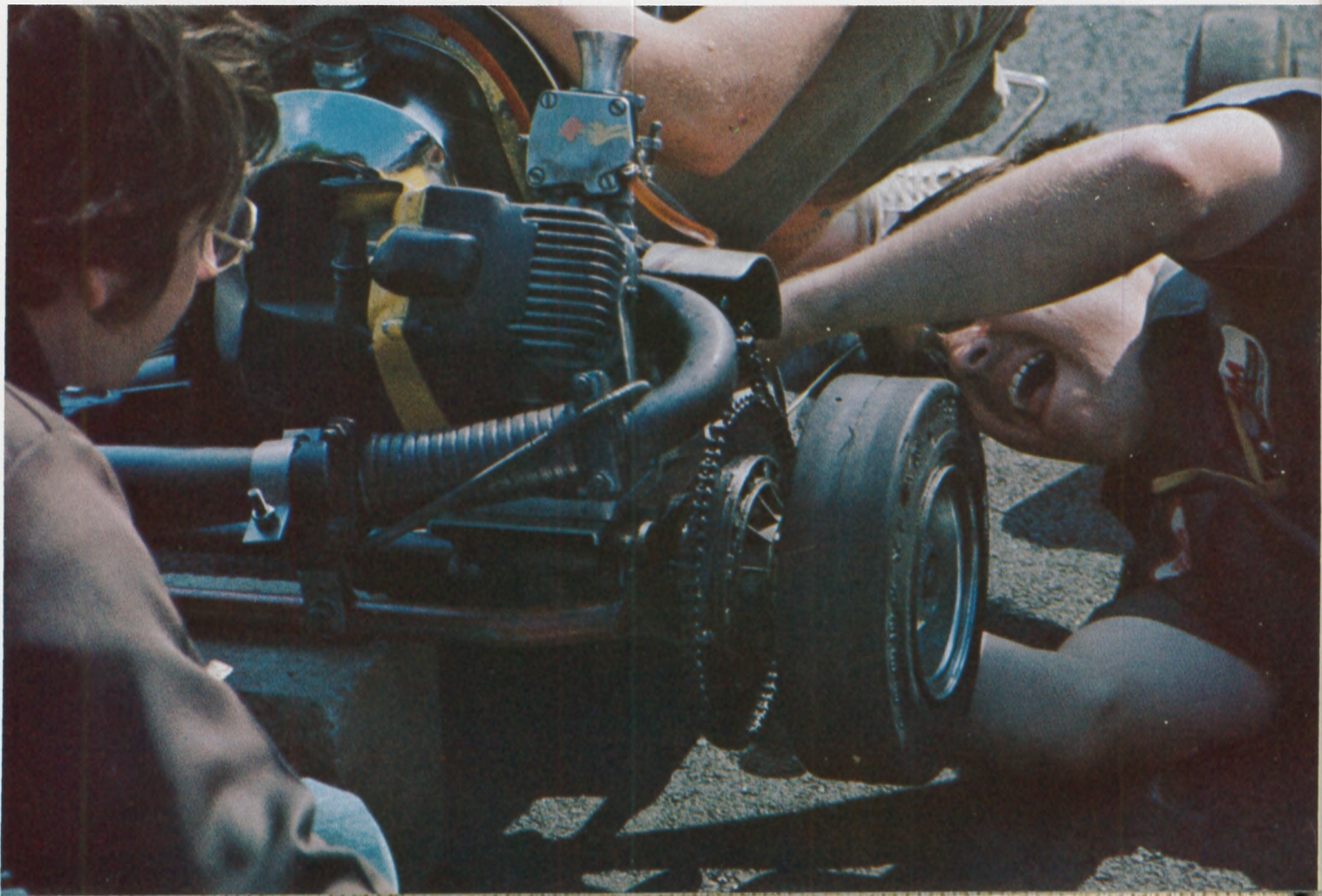
The Tech campus, like most other college campuses has been aged to develop a utopian atmosphere. Through the years, a graduate will never again be so completely surrounded by his peers. Most students experience a partial if not complete separation from the life that exists outside the mythical boundaries which surround the campus. They lose themselves amid the books and papers that compose the legendary ivory tower setting.

That ivory tower is beginning to crack and tumble as the student is assaulted by the additional problems which are creeping across the borders of the campus. The economic requirements are becoming stiffer along with the academic requirements. In many instances, extra-curricular activities are expected to accompany the all-powerful GPA as an inducement to recruiters from the industrial world. As a result, the student becomes part of a perpetual circle, revolving between academics, work and campus activities. As the quarter progresses, so does the strain of balancing the demands that are made on the student.

Another question arises as to the meaning, the real basis behind the hurtling of oneself against the academic walls that make up the foundations of Tech. Surely, the almighty sheepskin cannot be worth all of this. Sure it may be a ticket to unheard of opportunities, but that can't be all.









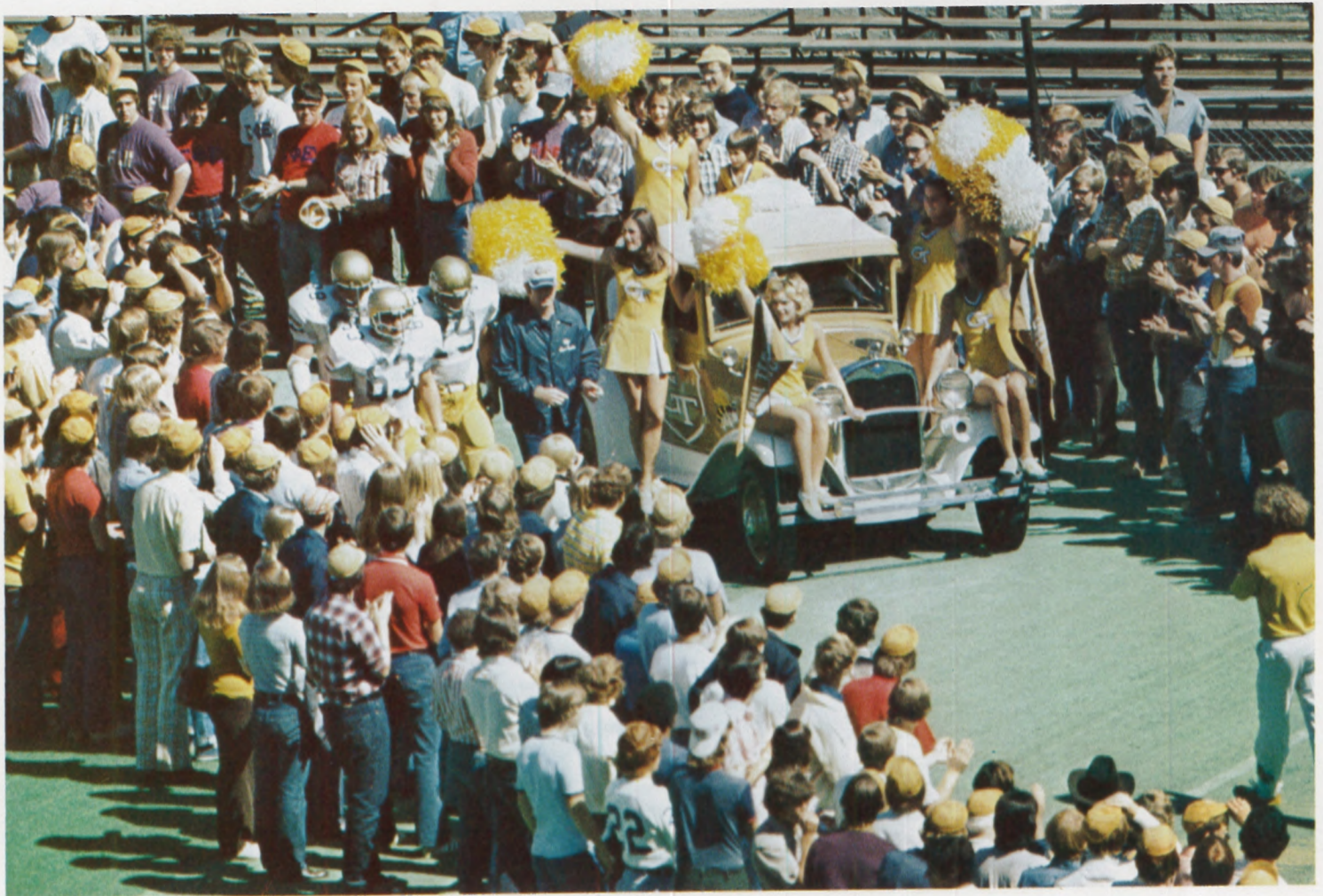
Tech's fame is worldwide, and deserved. Its degree is respected like few others. Its graduates have gone on to make a name for themselves, and Tech's name has gone along with them. The students who have passed this way have done more than boost Tech's fame and fortune; they've helped to create a multitude of things that make it all bearable. Their creativity, spirit and sometimes just plain mischievousness have left an indelible mark on this Atlanta trade school. The men of the past and the men and women of today continue to add marks which set Tech aside from the rest. They have made Tech a distinctive school by conceiving, nurturing and enhancing life with the TRADITIONS OF TECH.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



TRADITIONS



Tech's Traditions Live On



Tradition.

The spirit that makes Tech live and breathe.

Tradition gave us an old, gold Model T that rides well on synthetic turf.

Wrecks parading on water power, steam power, rat power and Cutty Sark power.

Pepper Power is reviving Tech's football tradition. Winning Tech football.

Tradition gave us a 1908 fight song subtitled "sung only in the bleachers:"

"A rambling, gambling, helluva engineer."

George P. Burdell flunking classes, flying air missions in the war,

buying insurance policies and expensive furniture.

Cash on Delivery.

He's still signing sidewalks and Bullwinkle letters.

Tech still plays Georgia in the game of the year: the championship of the Peach State. Tradition.

It still gives Georgia Tech a heritage, the proud traditions of a great school.



Wreck Parade Gets Homecoming Rolling



Homecoming day.
The traditional day
for traditional activities.
Like a parade of wrecks.
Finale for weeks of work.
Eyes still smarting from
glowing acetylene
smile at the monstrous
contraptions.
The Wreck Parade:
originally between
Atlanta and Athens.
Now, hulks of steel,
lumber up two blocks
of Tech asphalt.
That is to say,
they lumber only
if they're lucky.
Some sit and groan,
others just grind and creak.
All the wrecks,
without exception, tributes
to modern technology
and sophisticated
engineering
expertise.

Displays Recall a Colorful Past

Please don't let it rain.
People build in wood
and wire.
They design, plan and scheme
and start to build.
For weeks on end
but — mostly the night before.
They build.
Displays constructed
with infinite patience,
tender loving care,
and a case of beer.

When all the designing
is done
all the planning completed,
most of the scheming
and some of the partying
is done,
They stuff their creations
with paper
and pray:
Please don't let it rain.
Ma Tech never looks so good
as she does
in the Fall,
clothed in Homecoming's
wood, wire and paper.





Jackets Win in Five-Second Finale





Tech's very own Mini-500.
Where else but Tech.

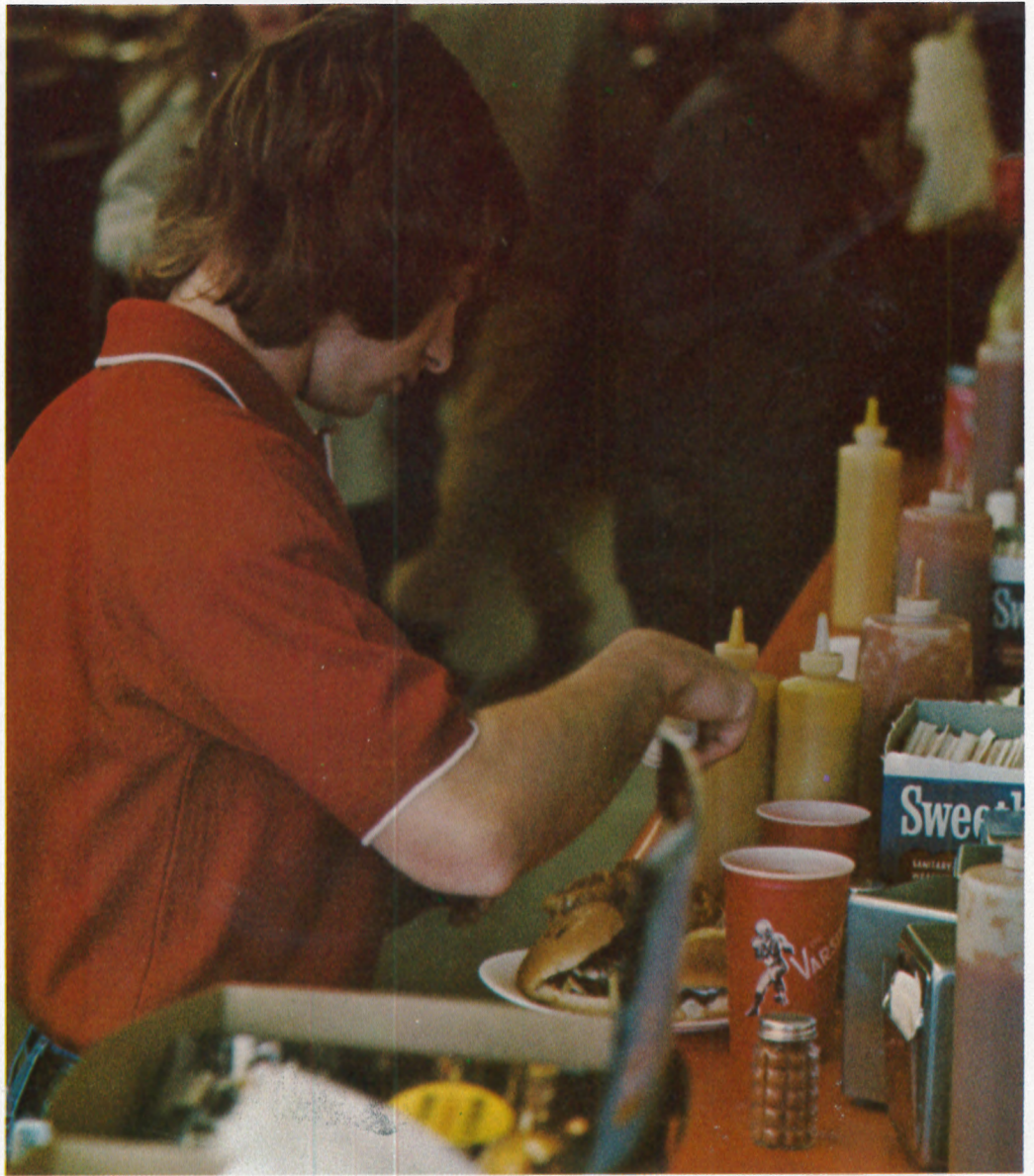
A trike race:
fifteen laps around a park
LeMans-type start
pit stops and
blow-outs.

No checkered flag
but a lot of free
Miller's.

That's motivation.
Everybody's there.
Frosh practice for next year,
girls get admired,
fratters wet their whistles,
and dorm jocks . . .
well, the jocks from Towers
take the cake
for trying hardest
without winning anything.
Courage is fifteen laps
with a flat trike tire.

Finally, the game.
Alumni, students and friends
all turn out.
They see Pepper
at his spiciest,
Rudy's arm at its deadliest.
They see little Jimmy
come up with the big one
then get smothered by
four tons of football team.
U.N.C. left Atlanta
sadly dismayed,
but all good Tech folks
slept well that night.

Techmen Face Hill, Varsity





The Varsity
is many things
to many people:
the Greasy V,
Vee Dee In, or just
the V.

Cursed, reviled
causer of onion-ring
indigestion
and order-taker
anxiety:

"whadayahav,
whadayahav."

"I forgot."

Seldom appreciated
eternally visited,
the Varsity.

Close, cheap,
and a Tech
tradition.

Places can be
traditions.

In the rain,
in the sleet,
the snow
and even in
The Morning,
Techmen have
always trudged up
the Hill.

Going anywhere,
from anywhere,
the Hill is met:
bitter winds,
freezing rains,
eight o'clock
calculus, all
are nothing
compared to
stumbling up
the Hill.

Tower Sees 90 Years of Tech History

Tech has a tower.
On its top,
a name.
The name of a proud
institution of higher
education.
Emblazoned in gold and white.
The word, the name:
E C H
someone stole the "T"
while Security slept.
Good ole Security.
Tech's Tower:
symbol of the University,
top of the Administration
Building,
summit of the Hill.
Meaning power, the
establishment.
It once housed
dorms, classes, offices.
It was Georgia Tech.
The Tower still stands
for all the best, all the finest,
all of the traditions
of Georgia Tech.
Tradition.
With a capital T.

